WHEN MARRIED LIFE GETS DULL

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PREFACE

Every man should add this in his prayers each night :—

I know all women work hard, and I think my wife works harder than any other woman So far as I am concerned, I am going to try and give her some spare time. Now and again I propose to do some of the washing-up in the evening, until we cān afford a maid to do it for us. And, if the baby cries during the night, I am going to try to do some of the carrying. And all the time I want to think that I am a MAN, and that my wife is only a poor weak woman! AMEN.

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MAN'S CRAVING FOR LOVE

THE misunderstanding between men and women started in the Garden of Eden. It continues to-day, and always will, notwithstanding any philosophy in these pages. I do not suppose there is a household in the country where the feeling has not sometime or another arisen in the mind of the man, "I will be master," or in the mind of the woman, "Will you?"

Every domestic tiff or quarrel leaves that soreness as an aftermath, and tends to bring a dullness into married life—a dullness that may lead God knows where

Nearly every home misunderstanding starts from selfishness, or from one of the parties being too sensitive, or the other speaking without thinking.

Of the two sexes man is the greater cry-baby. He can stand less pain than a woman. Adversity affects him quicker. He has more sentiment than a woman. He has every tender virtue hidden away in him somewhere.

Woman's supreme fault is that she hasn't got the sense to realise these things. She doesn't handle a man as she might do She doesn't treat

him as a little pet lamb She can conquer him by wheedling him and petting and soothing him She gets up against what he calls his "manly independence" when she tries to order him about

Somewhere, hidden deep down in his heart, every man, every decent, manly man, has a layer of pity and of sympathy, of kindliness and of charitableness towards woman It's a pretty complicated layer of virtues Some men don't use this lump of *their own goodness for quite a long time* Sometimes they take out the whole stock, and use it in a fool's way You can never be quite sure of the average man *But he'll use it if you give him half* a chance, because the two things in the world that keep a man out of mischief are the police and the right kind of wife

Many a man is willing and ready to die for a woman even when there is doubt in his mind and a certainty in hers that they could not live happily together for longer than a brief space Men would go through fire and water, and imperil their souls, for the love of a woman They idealise her, long for her, suffer for her, worship her, and glory in the possession of her They become fools, villains, and heroes in her behalf

And she suffers the apotheosis of it, sometimes protesting, *more often accepting it uncomplaining* Man is still semi-barbarous in some of his

tastes and many of his pleasures. One woman is a taste and a pleasure to him, and he takes her to himself without reasoning, and by pure force of character.

Woman, as a rule, is more civilised than man. She is more refined and has more delicacy. She submits to the man's whims and will, and is dependent on and submissive to him. He calls the tune, and as often as not she has to pay the piper. Her love, therefore, is on the whole deeper and more lasting than his. A man can, and very often does, shout his love from the housetops when he feels the fever of it in him. He shouts so loud he presently loses his voice, and has to let it rest. Tradition and custom and her own sense of modesty tell a woman neither to proclaim too loudly a new love nor lament too publicly a lost one.

But she can never go far wrong in doing every possible thing to keep her husband still a lover. It isn't always man's fault that love grows cold.

I don't think women really always realise the craving most men have for love. Man, as I have said, is more sentimental than woman if you will only let him be so. Women can make men what they wish them to be. Very often they won't take the trouble. The unwritten law of the sexes suggests that man must always be the lover. But he cannot be the lover always any more than he can

"I TOLD YOU SO"

If ever a new and particularly playful kind of torment is invented, I hope it will be reserved for the man who says to his wife, "I told you so" When you and I, dear reader, find ourselves in *the right*, we *never* say, "*I told you so*" With gentle tact we simply say to our argumentative opponent, as we prove to him his or her error, "That's something you don't know. You will be glad to learn it" Put that way it sounds nice It looks like conferring a favour—giving something away, so to speak. But when we make a mistake—and sometimes we do that—people will say to us, "*I told you so,*" and say it *brutally, selfishly, and* deliberately.

There is nothing so humiliating as being in a corner fenced in by "I told you so" The other man knows, you didn't, you do now, of course You are annoyed at once, your error, that might have come to you in the pleasant masquerade of added knowledge, is rammed down your throat, and you *are forced to eat it* That stirs all the bad blood in you. You owe that man one, and will pay it to him at the earliest moment.

Men should recognise that every time they use

the words, "I told you so," they make an enemy. This seems a foolish little thing to write about. But really it is a big thing, and it counts. It is worth thinking over quietly. It is one of those stupid little itches in the lives of the married that starts out to be a big sore.

GOING OUT TO TEA

If there is any reader of this little book who wants to get a great big marble monument erected to his memory, and so earn imperishable fame, let him agitate for, and carry through, the suppression of the "afternoon tea" habit.

Once in a blue moon there comes an afternoon when I would like a cup of tea. Ten minutes in a tea-shop with a bowl of tea and a hunch of cake suffices. Then I can get back to work.

But there comes a period in every man's life when his sister, or his sweetheart, or his wife wants him to get into a tall hat and a frock-coat and pay an afternoon tea call.

The wise young married man will suppress this tendency at the outset. Let the lady cry and call you a brute if she wants to, but don't go. The whole thing is a sham and a burden.

Why should you go and be pleasant, or try to

be pleasant, to a lot of people you don't care twopence for, and who for the most part don t care a penny three farthings for you? What's the good of having a lot of these pasteboard acquaintances? Why get low spirited if you don't get as many cards left with you as you have dealt out?

Women themselves don't care for these calls, they don't do it for amusement, they do it from a sense of supposed duty They are always glad to find a woman not in when they call, and they are absolutely mad when they dress up and sit in the parlour and nobody calls on them And then they are bad tempered when the husband comes home in the evening, and he has to pay the penalty of all this fuss

I suggest a way out of this trouble that so often brings on nervous prostration to a woman and drives a man to walk the streets or take to drink I suggest a kind of social clearing-house, in which all cards should be delivered and exchanged, and all social assets of any kind be balanced by experienced book keepers, so that the reputation of everybody for propriety and conventionality should be just as good as it is now, if not better

Wisdom may be good food for the wise, but beefsteaks now and then and a receipted rent book are more filling and more comforting

WOMAN AND HER PURSE

HERE are two newspaper paragraphs worth attention.

The other day a woman had been shopping. She had three or four brown paper parcels dangling from her fingers; she carried a parasol or an umbrella, and she held her purse. The streets were muddy, and she had to hold her skirts, also.

She did all this with one pair of hands.

She might, of course, have had her parcels sent home. I expect the shopkeeper would have done this for her gladly.

But she may have thought, and no doubt did think, she would get her purchases changed into inferior quality if she trusted them out of her sight, or she may have thought that having obtained bargains she would take them home at once to gloat over them. Some women think that way.

This woman was carrying so many things, and was so worried, and fretful, and anxious, that she was bound to lose something.

She lost two things.

First she lost her purse. It contained less than a shilling and half a second-class ticket. It wasn't

much to make a fuss about, but it was everything to a woman who had only that between her and her home. The moment she realised her loss she turned pale, and she turned sharply round. Just at the tail of her skirt a man was picking up her purse—her purse containing less than a shilling and a half railway ticket.

Then this woman lost something else. She lost her nerve and her presence of mind, or rather she lost all that she had left of these qualities. She saw her purse on the pavement, and she saw a man stooping to pick it up. She dropped her other parcels and went for him. She pushed his hat over his eyes and pushed him into the gutter.

A crowd gathered, and the man was given into the charge of a policeman. At his trial he was able to prove his absolute respectability. His story was believed—that he was about to pick up the purse to restore it (he had seen the lady drop it) when she set upon him.

Here is the other paragraph: "John Jones was yesterday sentenced to six months' hard labour for purse snatching."

Woman and her purse is an interesting problem. Her hopeless desire for show, and her inability to reason, when laden with bargains particularly, or when in quest of them, still clings to her. Few women have pockets. Women do not have

pockets, because it spoils the hang of their dress, or skirt, or whatever it is, and because they cannot find the pocket when they want it.

This is a strange dressmaking phenomenon.

Woman has lived nearly as long as man, and man is all pockets, and is all the time accumulating things to put in them. Is there no part of a woman's costume into which a pocket could be inserted, so that it would be hidden, safe, and easily getatable by herself?

And women are more religious than men. They go to church more often and they pray at their bedside more often than men do. A woman will kneel down at her bedside in the morning and will repeat the words, "Lead us not into temptation," yet she will carry her purse in her lap, in her hand, or lay it down beside her, or on a counter, a dozen times during the day.

And all the time hungry, wolfish, starving men are swarming in our midst. They have wives and little ones at home to whom the contents of that easily-stolen purse mean food and warmth and life.

A wise man would not go unarmed into a land infested with wild animals. The most dangerous wild animals are human hungry beings. Woman and her purse tempt them. Woman should try to be more reasonable and more charitable in this respect.

Please do not fill with bitterness the hearts of those less fortunate than yourself. And do not lead them into temptation when they are driven to desperation by want and hunger. If a man snatches your purse it is your fault more than his; and when your husband sees you going around doing this sort of thing it gets on his nerves, and he starts to lose his glory in you.

THE FABLE OF THE YOUNG MAN, THE YOUNG WOMAN, AND THE TRAMCAR.

ONCE upon a Time there was a Tramcar and a Wet Day

The Tramcar was Full Inside, and it was about to Move Off when a Young Girl got in.

There was no Seat for Her.

A Man Arose, and he said, "Take My Seat, Miss."

She Whispered something to him and Took his Seat, and the Man hung On to the Strap to save himself from Falling

His Eyeballs were distended. His Breath came hard and fast.

All the Other Women in the Tramcar Glared Fiercely at the Young Girl. The Men Passengers discussed the Incident with Bated breath.

At last the Man Hanging to the Strap turned to the Young Woman and Stammered, "What was it you said?"

"I said, 'Thank You Very Much,'" she Answered in Some Surprise.

The Man who had Given up his Seat to her Smiled Faintly.

Then he Dropped Down Dead.

Moral: This fable teaches us that young women should not do the unexpected.

SHOULD WOMEN CARVE THE JOINT?

EVER since the first humorist was able to write he has made fun of the man-carver. If I could think of anything funny to say about the way father carves the duck, which I can't, it wouldn't add anything to his misery. He is past that stage. I would rather extend to him my pity and the right hand of fellowship.

By reason of her domestic training, woman is a better carver than man, and in the purely domestic

circle I think woman can with advantage, and if she wishes to do so, be left to do the carving and the serving.

This is especially so if there are young children at table. She knows better than her husband what each child should have. It is a bother to her and irritating to the man if plates have to be changed, this portion taken back to be minced, or that to have a piece taken off.

It upsets the harmony of the table.

Besides, a good wife likes to have her man take his meals in comfort. You can't argue about her own comfort. She will tell you to go on with your dinner, and not bother.

But if you have friends at table, and one or other of you must carve, then the head of the house should do it.

In the first place, the wife has her best dress on; she doesn't want to soil or crease that.

And she has to do the talking.

A sensible woman should have every eye round the table focussed upon herself, if her husband is a bad carver, whilst he is hacking the joint to pieces and splashing the gravy over the table-cloth and his trousers

The man, on his part, should not lose his temper or the joint. The first virtue of the successful carver is to keep cool. Of course, it's difficult if

he has a pint of scalding gravy on the left leg of his trousers. But that has been his own fault for putting it there. I never yet knew a dinner party to be a success where the host left in the middle of it to change his clothes. Far better have the joint served up on a dry dish and the gravy handed round.

And if I were a woman I wouldn't tell my husband, "That is not a nice cut you have given Mrs. Jenkins," or "Mr. Jenkins likes a bit off the knuckle."

I should not like Mrs. Jenkins to think I was trying to palm off a second-rate cut on her and hiding the best under the carving knife for my own use, but I might be mad enough to suggest to Jenkins that if he didn't like what he had got he could go entirely without.

Besides, I might not know where the knuckle was.

Anger is always a matter of convenience. If you think you are going to gain anything by it just go ahead.

The girl who giggles when she doesn't understand the joke may find some comfort in this world, but she's going to lose her chances of a halo in the next.

SUNDAY EVENING LETTERS

I WANT to have a word about the Sunday evening correspondence Don't you think, madam, that you might arrange this a little better? Why leave the whole of your week's correspondence until Sunday evening?

Don't you think you might get through this business as it comes along? It is so easy to write a letter a day It's such a bother to write seven *letters in the late hours of Sunday evening, just* when you have planned to sit down quietly and finish the book you are reading.

Women, you are queer creatures in this respect You are very puzzling, you are charmingly inconsiderate, *you are delightfully vague, and you are* somewhat of a nuisance. Let me draw a fancy picture.

It is Sunday evening. The children are in bed and, we hope, asleep. We have finished our *supper. It was a cold supper We always have* a cold supper on Sunday evening, because that allows one or more of the maids to have a few hours out.

And then we go from the dining-room into the

drawing-room or the sitting-room. You have curled luxuriously into the couch, and I have settled the cushions carefully around you. I have passed you your book and have taken up my own.

I rather like this picture, whatever you may think of it, and whilst I am still rhapsodising and thinking of your loveliness, you sit up suddenly and put me into complicated dyspepsia by saying, "Good gracious, what about those letters?"

With a philosophy tempered by long continuance, you, being a sensible woman—at least in some respects—know that I have always closed my book then with a quiet sigh, and drawn to the opposite side of the table with you, by which time, though you did not know it, you had lost some of your loveliness.

It is not that you cannot find the pens, or the ink, or the paper, or that you chew the end of your pen, or ink your biggest finger; it is not that you cannot quite think what to say yourself and want assistance in the making of your phraseology—it is reasonable to help you out in these; it is not that you want me to write half your correspondence for you and then are dissatisfied with my wording, or that you never know the date and never can find a stamp.

There is something behind all this.

There is the sentiment of those quiet Sunday evening hours being shattered by your inconsistencies, your lassitude, and your neglect, and we begin to get unkind to one another by the worry of it

And your mother thinks I must be something of a brute because she sees what looks suspiciously like a tear towards the end of your letter, and my Aunt Sarah in the country thinks your letter to her cold and incomplete, and begins to wonder whether, after all, I did right in marrying you

That is a serious aspect of affairs for you and I to face, my dear. And so I am going to ask you, like a good girl, to try and get this correspondence off as it comes along, and let us have as much of this blessed Sunday evening to our own two selves as we can possibly manage.

Because, remember, I like that pretty peaceful picture of you on the couch

When English was dubbed the mother tongue it wasn't intended that any mother-in-law should take over the monopoly of it.

There are so few perfect wives and husbands that they ought to be sorted out every now and again and sent to the auction rooms. Plenty of wealthy people pay good prices for curios.

MEN SHOULD KNIT THEIR OWN STOCKINGS

THE average man does not get enough exercise during long and dark and cold and wet evenings. He comes home and he sits over the fire too much. He eats too much, and he reads too much. His brain gets into a heavy, sleepy stupor state. He wants to get out of that habit. It isn't good for him.

If he can't take vigorous exercise outdoors he wants to take mild exercise indoors. Then he will sleep better and wake up fresher.

A lot of the unhappiness of married life commences when a man has nothing else to do except sit over the fire and read. His wife wants to talk. He can't read whilst she is talking. She must talk. It is her right to do so. And if a wife can't stop talking, the husband must give up reading. At least, he must if peace is going to be preserved. A man need not talk back. He may just answer. But he cannot answer intelligently and correctly if his mind is on a book or a paper.

The trouble is to find him some pleasant occupa-

tion that will allow him to converse with his wife whilst she is doing her sewing or her darning.

It's a good thing to see a man useful about the house. And, as he can't always be paperhanging or carpentering, I suggest that when a man goes home in the evening he should take to knitting. Whilst his wife is darning and generally *mending the old stockings and other things* he might make new ones.

of bad habits into good ones. It would be a fine sight to see a man knit a pair of cycling stockings —and wearing them.

DON'T TEACH YOUR CHILD TO BE A POODLE-DOG

WHEN a young man and a young woman have a first baby delivered to them by the doctor from his cabbage garden, that particular baby is the most wonderful thing in all this wonderful world.

The young woman lavishes all her wealth of affection upon it. She worries over its every cry. She snuggles it in her arms and croons over it and pets it and soothes it and gets it off into perfect restful sleep again.

And the young husband comes home and see this new sweet toy and feels he ought to kiss it. Only once in a lifetime does a man kiss a sleeping baby to see it smile at him. A two, three, or four hour crying baby is enough to knock the good intentions out of any man.

Some months later, when the baby begins to get some sort of reason and intelligence into it, and for many months after that, it becomes the butt of

its parents' good intentions Please do not, you young people, treat your baby as a toy dog. Some of you do. You make the baby learn to imitate the animals—the "moo-tow," whatever that is, and so on.

And then you force your child to think as you think *you* think. You give him a few puny little things to exercise his puny little brain over, and, because he has just enough sense to know you want him to do these things, and they are expected of him in company, he does them.

A dog would do that for you. You can teach a dog to jump over a stick. You can teach a dog to run after a ball and lay it at your feet. That is your pride. It's fine for you. You get the applause and the appreciation. The dog does the work. Why make a poor little baby into a circus performer on these lines.

The baby has a brain For all you know it may have a bigger and a better brain than you have The child at your own present age may become father to the father Give it a chance. Don't teach it dog's tricks Don't let it arouse the applause for you Let the training of the child be based on its own personal welfare

Most children are born with some kind of stock-in-trade. It may be originality, or character, or personality. Let it develop one or the other under

your tuition. But don't do it in the dog-trick way. Let it be in some way that counts. Help it to be original, not imitative. Give it things to play with and see what it does with them. If the child has to stand any chance in the world, it does not want to be taught to do an unnatural and monotonous daily grind.

If you cultivate pride and ambition and thought in your child, you are training it in the right way. If you force it with senseless tricks of imitation day after day for the purpose of showing it off, you might as well have a French poodle or a white mouse as an offspring.

Quarrels between the man and the wife are apt to arise this way, so try to avoid them.

Perhaps it was a good thing Eve happened to be in the Garden on a certain historic occasion. Adam would have had to blame his lapse on someone, and if he had done it on the family cat it would have given rise to quite a ridiculous situation.

Your sins may find you out of course, but ten to one they will be sitting on the doorstep waiting for you to come home.

No woman ought to go about dressed looking as though the price mark had been left on her.

THE PAPER-PATTERN PUZZLE

MANY years ago, long before the picture puzzles started, and just about the time you were asked to make as many words as you could out of Constantinople or Mediterranean, or count how many E's there were in the Bible, somebody invented the paper-pattern puzzle.

The paper-pattern puzzle was a success from the start. It's a wonderful success even to this day; and that is strange, for, so far as I can gather, no prizes have ever been awarded for the solving of the paper pattern—no £5 a week for life, or pencil-cases, or gramophones, or anything like that.

Men have never been catered for in the paper-pattern puzzle business. It's a woman's amusement, pure and simple, and it is worked in this way:

Your wife or your sister or your best girl buys a paper pattern at some price ranging between fourpence halfpenny and half a crown. That is called the entrance fee. Then your wife, say, goes to a draper's and buys something that she calls "material." Anything is material. She usually

gets home before her material does, and worries you about it, and is in a fever of excitement till it comes As soon as it arrives she clears you off the table you have been eating from or writing on, and she spreads the material all over it She asks you what you think of it You say it's "all right," or "quite nice"

Then she gets the paper pattern and a pair of scissors The paper pattern is a bundle of strangely devised sheets of tissue paper I believe each of them have different names I think some of them are called "yokes," and "cut bias," and "flounces," and "pleats," and "peek-a boos" But I am not an authority on this subject These are just the technical terms I sometimes hear used

Your wife then spreads the paper-pattern designs over the material, and tries to work out in her own mind what the paper pattern means Sometimes she guesses right the first go But it isn't often Nearly always the paper pattern puzzles her a great deal, and she will ask you what you think You tell her, of course, to the best of your ability in a scientific and yet simple way, and then say you think you will go to bed, as you are feeling rather tired, and want to get away early in the morning

She goes on worrying over the paper-pattern puzzle for many days, and at last she makes something to wear out of the material And then you

say it doesn't become her, and you avoid going out with her.

The paper-pattern puzzle should certainly be suppressed. It is helping to break up the home

WHY DO WE WEAR SUNDAY CLOTHES?

Why do we men wear Sunday clothes on Sunday? It isn't as though we put them on to go to church in. We don't—most of us don't go to church. We *put on our Sunday clothes to lounge about in*. Then we are afraid to lounge because we spoil them. In the big towns you don't notice the Sunday clothes fashion so much. But in our village and other villages you do.

In our village it is the custom to lie a-bed very late on Sunday morning. Breakfast varies between eight-thirty and nine. Father is all ready at nine-thirty, and is sitting in the garden smoking his pipe or leaning up against the front door. Busy mother is hustling Cissy and Jane, and Jimmy and Fred, into their sashes and "bests," with white stockings and gloves, combing out tangles and washing and towelling here and there, and sending one after the other out to father as she gets them

ready, with strict injunctions to them not to touch themselves

Father then takes charge of them till one o'clock whilst mother cooks the dinner. Mother's last words to father are, "Keep them out."

Once or twice in the early days, when father looked nice like this and there were only one or two charges in his keeping, he took delight in taking them to church. Somehow it seemed the right thing to do.

But the fun of it soon wore away, and only the agony of it remained—the agony of keeping three children quiet in church. It was beyond any one man's power. Neither Alexander, nor Cæsar, nor Napoleon could have done it.

So now father takes them for walks instead.

He has trouble from the doorstep He has four children and two hands Each child wants to hold father's hands He compromises on the "in turns" system, which meets with no approval from any one of the four "I had him first" "You had him all the time last Sunday" "It isn't fair; I'll tell mother" Then a bit of pulling and a bit of pushing, slyly at first, openly as the blows become harder. Then a blubber and a howl, and father has to speak a few words and use pocket-handkerchief on wet eyes and snuffling noses.

No man ever will be more miserable on this earth than the one who puts on Sunday clothes and has a brood of noisy children in Sunday clothes to look after. The thing can't be done with any degree of dignity or sanity Men ought not to do it Women ought not to expect it More domestic troubles than enough have arisen this way.

Of course, it's nice to see little Cissy in Sunday sashes If the sweet mite would only act up to the angel child expectations of her mother, little Cissy might be worth walking out with on a Sunday morning if only for show purposes But little Cissy can't do it And she ought not to be expected to, either Little Cissy is very human She wants to romp and be noisy, and kick her shoes to pieces, and never worry about crumpled sashes Little Cissy is just a healthful human animal It's a pity her pa and ma won't let her be one

I don't think a Divine Providence wants pa and little Cissy to dress in Sunday clothes once a week, and sit all day on the grass and watch it grow But they might each go to church on a Sunday—separately if they like—just for a space, and then change into old clothes and have a quiet romp and a laugh in between

The good man doesn't get his name in the papers so often as the bad man

THE IMPATIENT MAN AT HOME

THERE was a man once—he lived in America—who had some sort of trouble with the telephone Somebody cut him off two or three times, put him on to the wrong number, or he got blackguarded for something he hadn't done or didn't know anything about Anyhow, he suddenly lost his temper, and all confidence in the telephone He whipped out a revolver and fired into the receiver He was in such a state of mind that he had to let off steam somehow Of course, this man was temporarily insane I expect he thought that way when the bill came in from the telephone company

There was another man—I think he lived somewhere in your neighbourhood—who had a mysterious-looking box delivered at his house It was well fastened with strong nails It worried and excited him a good deal He wanted to know what the box contained, and he wanted that knowledge badly

He had a penknife in his pocket, and he hadn't the time or the sense to go and look for the household tool box or study the label By the time he had broken both blades of his knife, and nearly

cut off his left thumb, there was a knock at the door, and the carrier said he had delivered the box at the wrong house so there was nothing left for this man to do, in his then state of mind, but to go and sauce his wife and spank the children

He also had to let off steam

Of course, he was temporarily insane

I expect he thought that way next morning when the bill came in from Dame Nature, and he had a headache and couldn't eat his breakfast, and his wife and his children were quiet and avoided him, and they didn t give him any "good morning" kiss

This little article ends here I think every man who reads will understand what it means

Of two evils choose the one least likely to be talked about

It s far better to share your joys with one another than your troubles

Clothes don't make the man but they help women to bluff one another

The gossiping woman who makes plenty of enemies has always some slight cast upon her to worry her husband about

THE SWEET SIMPLICITY OF WOMEN

EVERY man should spend a good part of each day singing the praises and virtues of womankind. Woman throughout the ages has given tender care to infancy, the best of companionship to maturity, and consolation and devotion to old age.

It is hard work for a man to criticise a being so nearly perfect as a woman. But the harder the work the more imperative the duty, when it is a duty. Usually we rely on women to criticise each other, and that's a pretty safe plan to follow. But some things that are faults women never seem to notice in herself or her gentle sister, and I want to note a few.

Now, if I were a woman, I think I should be mighty careful when I came to the busiest part of a busy town or city. For two reasons. First, I like living, and like to feel all my limbs sound and whole on my body; second, I think drivers of vehicles have enough worry on hand in dodging one another to make them wish not to be compelled to dodge me also.

When some women cross a street, unless they do it under the outstretched arm of a policeman, the

nerves of every driver go askew The woman must get to the other side She fixes her mind and her eye on one cab, tucks her parcels, umbrella, and petticoats tightly around her, and starts There is one danger she has to dodge—one particular cab

Suddenly there is a shout to her right—she is in between two 'bus horses pulled up on their haunches Then chaos She rushes here, rushes there She knows those 'bus horses are chasing her *up* the street, and she knows there is a cab horse somewhere on the other side going to chase her *down* again

Meanwhile every driver within sight of the trouble has put on his brake They know that woman They have been watching and dodging her every day of their lives, and long practice has been a good adviser Her life is saved, but she is hot and panting, and her heart is going like a piston

When I see a woman lose all semblance of intelligence in this way I pity her, I pity the poor drivers, and I pity the poor horse whose mouth is pulled wide open with a jerk, and has suddenly to stop with several tons behind him

Madam, will you please think, and if there are any of you incapable of thinking, stay at home Then you will not endanger your own life, and you won't have to worry your husband with the

relation of all this, and expect his sympathy, when he feels at the roots of his heart that you are entirely to blame

Then there are the women on the 'bus and the tram and the car Some of them will stop many minutes saying good bye to their friends whilst the conductor has his hand on the bell-pull ready to start At last he loses patience, being already over time, and starts The rude fellow! He gets reported

Again, women ought not to step off a car backwards or sideways Some of them do, with the most appalling results They ought not to stand at the booking-office fiddling for pennies in their purse with their gloves on, nor ask the booking-clerk questions about the train Nor should they block up the passages and the staircases, which they do, when busy people are crowding out

My dear lady, here are a few gentle hints meant in all kindness Women are lovely in all ways, charming in every walk of life, man admires and loves you, and wants to continue doing so

But it is a pretty hard task when you exasperate him He can't kick you, and he doesn't want to be rude in speech, but if you only knew the things he thinks and the words he mutters, and you could see the pages and pages recorded against him in the Big Book all through your folly, you would sit

down and weep Give him a chance towards Eternal Salvation

THE ANTIMACASSAR BOGEY

I THOUGHT the antimacassar of my childhood had ceased to exist in these enlightened days But I find it still holds some sway I find my Aunt Matilda still observes the antimacassar habit Aunt Matilda isn't my aunt really She is only some sort of relative to a distant relative But she was always "Auntie" when I was quite young, and so she is auntie still I haven't visited Aunt Matilda for many years But during this period she occasionally came back to my memory in a legendary, old time story kind of way, and I remembered many pleasant things about her

I remember that Aunt Matilda would always give me powdered sugar on my bread and butter You boys know the luxury of that And I remember the round table standing in the middle of the front parlour floor, with a red cloth on it, and the four piles of books on it, three to a pile, all neatly set out in an uneven way And I remember the glass vase in the centre of this table, standing on the roses worked in many-coloured wools And I

remember the wax flowers on the mantelpiece, and the cold horsehair chairs and couch, and the tall sideboard with one sharp corner all worn smooth and round.

That was where Aunt Matilda had worn away scores of bodices and things during the many years she had leaned up against it and used it as a back-scratcher, as is the way with aunties.

But I had forgotten the antimacassar until I went to see Aunt Matilda the other day. The antimacassar spoilt my day's enjoyment. I had got out of the habit of them. I sat down easily enough, I hope, on the chair in my aunt's front parlour. But I was conscious soon of something tickling my ears. It was the pink bows of an antimacassar. I leaned forward a little and the antimacassar slid down between my coat tails and the chair. I replaced the antimacassar in its original position. I had to stand up whilst I did that. It slid off again before I could sit down. I put it well over the back of the chair this time. But I did not see that I had placed it upside down and wrong way round until auntie put it right. I took that opportunity to go and sit on the couch under the window.

We then resumed our conversation from opposite sides of the room. I kept an eye—a friendly eye—on Aunt Matilda. I kept the other eye—a cold eye—on the antimacassar. And, would you believe

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me, it actually slid down again of its own accord!

There is something weird and uncanny about antimacassars. They look innocent and humble enough, but the devil's really in them. I could see that particular antimacassar trying to break up my happiness. I could see its pink ribbons at each *side of my head, as a pair of artificial ears, and* making me look more ridiculous than I look in the usual way. I could feel it worming itself down my spine, and tickling the tail end of that part of my body, with unholy joy, when it reached there. *And I could see that Aunt Matilda blamed me for* fidgetiness and untidiness, and was sorry for my future. I wasn't the nice boy of the old days.

Indeed, I walked home that evening with the depressed, dead feeling on me of the man who has a bad half *sovereign in his pocket and is worrying* how to get rid of it for ten shillings.

And I got home, and went into my little bit of a garden, and sat down and lit a pipe, and thought of the dear simple old soul I had neglected for so long a time, and the antimacassars I wanted to make a bonfire of. And through the smoke rings I went back many years and saw auntie making a cotton crochet antimacassar that took her many days. *There was a pattern of a weird and impos-*sible and even nightmareish bird of paradise in the centre of it, stitched in chain loop. The needle

was stuck in the last loop each day when the light began to fade, and the thread wound round the needle in a coil to prevent slipping and unwinding until the next day, and the whole of it was carefully rolled up in tissue paper and hidden away. There was a wonderful fascination in watching this strange bird develop itself, and much speculation as to whether castles, or waterlilies, or green and yellow trees would fill up the odd corners.

And again through the smoke I saw a further fashion in these things. You bought many metallic rings and worked coloured cotton wool round them with a knot on every loop. I remember I made a whole loop myself once. I had trouble in starting, and the end wouldn't stay fastened. And then I lost interest in them.'

But what's the use of the antimacassar nowadays? We don't use hair oil in the reckless and prodigal way we did. And the antimacassar meant prevention against hair oil. Will any lady who has these things in her home please burn them? It will save us men no end of worry, and prevent many of us from looking cheap and ridiculous. We had some given to us as wedding presents, I remember. We gave them away, and so saved ourselves some domestic squabbles.

A fool and his money are soon spotted:

HOW TO GET A CHILD DISLIKED

WHEN I was a boy at school I was quite a nice boy I was a model boy, I am told I don't know how it happened, because I seem to have grown out of this kind of thing in later years, and now I am no better than anybody else. Perhaps not so good as some.

But there is a legend in my family, supported by the testimony of my old schoolfellows, that at school I was the correct thing I got along well enough in each form, always passed in examinations, and was never caught whispering Once I was caught breaking out of bounds, and twice participated in a school mutiny, but I seldom got caught, and was never split upon. So I think I must have earned my angel-child reputation on an unstable basis

It cost me very dear one time I was once held up to the whole school as the angel-boy, as THE PERFECT THING As we stood there at attention, I can feel even now the warm blush that suffused my cheeks, the nudge in the ribs on the one side, and the sly kick on the shins on the other

As we marched into the playground to be dis-

missed for the day, I expected trouble For, only a week before, I had participated in one of the mutinies and been undiscovered Then we had captured a junior master s cane, cut it up into short lengths, and smoked it

Trouble came sure enough Within half an hour two boys had given me the two loveliest lickings of a lifetime I wore a black eye for a week

This true story may very well be taken into the home and there used as an example If you have a family of young children in the home, do not be perpetually singing the praises of one and holding it up as a model to the others

It's wrong

That child will get disliked by its brothers and its sisters A good deal of harm is very often done this way by the unthinking

Your children won't split on the faults of the model you hold up, of course, and you would not tolerate any argument on the law you laid down

But if you want to feel the exasperation your children feel, here is an easy way in which to find it out Watch the result Say to your wife one evening, "You know, my dear, you can learn a lot, if you only will, from Mrs So-and So She does this, that, and the other much better than you do "

Try this just for the fun of the thing You will

get all the lesson you want, and you will stop criticising your children openly

THE LOVER'S FIRST GIFT AND THE HUSBAND'S LAST

THE man stopped a moment on his way home to look in a florist's window. The florist saw him and asked him to come inside to see something extra fine He went in.

"You don't buy any more flowers now," said the florist.

"No," was the response, given good humouredly, though briefly and shyly.

"And it used to be, a year or more ago, that roses and violets and carnations and all sorts were a great attraction to you."

"Yes, I had a sweetheart then," and the man blushed and laughed, still shyly and rather quietly

"You used to take her a flower every time you went to see her, didn't you?" pursued the inquisitive, kindly old florist.

"Yes"

"And they didn't cost very much, as a rule, did they? Just a few pence."

"Oh, price didn't make any difference to her I bought them because she liked them"

"Why don't you take them to her now? You married her, didn't you?" The florist's voice was very sympathetic

"Oh, yes I married her a year ago"

The florist waited a moment, thinking Then he said "Doesn't she like flowers now?"

He felt he was skating on thin ice But the man said quickly "Oh I suppose so But, you see, there is no reason to bother about them Flowers aren't necessary"

"Did she ever say so?" persisted the florist

"Well—um—er—no I can't say that she ever did"

"Have you ever asked her about it?"

"No I never happened to think about it Busy, you know, with all sorts of things"

The florist asked no more questions He went over to a case, took out a handful of roses and violets, and said "There, I give you these in memory of old times You might take them to your wife If she doesn't like them, bring them back"

They never came back

If a married man got all the happiness he thinks he deserves his life wouldn't be worth the living

WHO HAS THE BEST TIME—MAN OR WOMAN?

In my way of thinking man has the best time both in work and in pleasure A business or middle class woman works in drudgery A business man works in play. A woman does not get even a reasonable amount of pleasure and excitement in her work In business, day after day, she sees the same typewriting machine, the same pencil, the same reporting book, the same desk or bench, or has the same pattern to cut Always the same faces Or at home the same baby always cries, the same tradesmen call The same floor has to be swept, the same beds have to be made, the same dishes have to be washed.

She spends six days of one week doing just exactly what she did on the six days of the other. The seventh day is a little different. Her man is at home, and she has a good deal more to do.

During the average day a woman does not get much excitement in the way of talk. She can't learn much from the babies Servant girls are not always intellectual A woman never sees the result of her exertions. Dishes dirtied have to be cleaned, to be dirtied again. She creates nothing that will be a monument to her industry either in the house or the office.

Man does. He sees things grow under his hand. A man can get a good deal of excitement, and pleasure, and satisfaction even if he is a plumber. His work may last for ages—that is, it will if he is the right kind of plumber.

I should think it must be pretty dull work making button-holes by the hour, and mending stockings, and making patch-work quilts, and doing other pathetic things like that. Of course, if another woman would drop in occasionally and tell a funny story, and if women at home could sit round a table whilst at work, as men sit round desks at an office, I can imagine a woman's day might become frantically exciting.

But things don't happen like that.

And then, again, if the untiring woman at home was making good money at her work, that might make her day more interesting. But things don't happen like that, either.

Very often the average woman is only a boarder in her own house. Sometimes she is very much of a servant girl, and a nurse, and a charwoman. Marriage is only a lottery to the woman. As like as not she may only draw a ticket for board and lodgings—particularly when the first baby comes. A woman does all through the week what breaks a man all to pieces in an hour or two. Did you ever watch a man with a baby on a Sunday after-

noon? In a weak-minded, soft-hearted moment he says he will mind that baby for a couple of hours whilst his wife lies down He is a nervous wreck at the end

And you mustn't run away with the idea that because women have no pleasures they have no worries or anxieties *Haven't they!* Why, they are at the mercy of every man they marry. If the man's affairs go wrong, who suffers the most? The women and the children—those who were kept in ignorance, or had no chance of warding off the blow that was to fall upon them

Yes, women have a pretty poor time of it, and when a man comes home in the evening he ought to bring a little life and gaiety with him

Now, to get right at the root of this question, suppose we put it under another title and argue it out on these lines:—

WHO HAS THE MOST SPARE TIME— MAN OR WOMAN?

GIVEN the married man and a married woman—they form the two big working and intellectual classes—I think a man makes, and has, much more spare time A man can very often steal spare time Sometimes he does it deliberately. Sometimes un-

consciously. He slacks up and he makes spare time, not really as a thief to his employer, but because of the necessity for a brain rest. The longer he goes on adding up columns of figures, or hewing stones, the more he becomes a machine and an automaton.

If you watch a gang of workmen in the streets you will find a man now and again lay down his pickaxe or his spade, knock out the ashes from his pipe, slowly refill it, light it, then moisten his hands and get on with his work again. That may take five minutes. It looks like waste time. But is it? I don't think it is. It is only taking a breath.

The man who engages day after day in laborious or brain-softening work must take breaths of that kind.

But—and this is important—when the whistle goes or the clock strikes a certain hour the man's day of eight hours' work is over. Everything else is sleep and spare time. A man has sixteen hours of spare time out of every twenty-four.

With a married woman the circumstances are quite different. Please remember I am not talking about a slut or a sloven. I am talking about a good and thorough woman. The work she will sometimes do in a hour would break your back in a day. A woman will do an hour's work before

breakfast She will get the children out of bed and wash and dress them for school She may have to do some bits of waiting and work for you—the biggest baby in the house During the day she has to mend and darn, and wash and clean She has to dust and tidy, and order and arrange

A man has his day's work made for him by somebody else A woman makes her own day s work, and her husband, and her children, and the servant, and the callers at the front door and the back, each give her something in addition

A man's day s work is an orderly arrangement A woman's is a rush job A man is a servant in his place of business A woman is the boss in hers —home A man, as like as not, only thinks he thinks on his own A woman plans and schemes and saves, does something worth while, whenever she spends and there is nothing to show for the work

Every man should add this in his prayers each night —

" I know all women work hard, and I think my wife works harder than any other woman So far as I am concerned I am going to try and give her some spare time Now and again I propose to do some of the washing up in the evening until we can afford to engage a maid to do it for us And if the baby cries during the night, I am going to try

to do some of the carrying And all the time I want to think that I am a MAN, and that my wife is only a poor weak woman. Amen"

Because if you can get a man to think along these lines, you are going to get a man to be as nearly perfect a man as a man can be.

WHEN THE BABY CRIES

THERE are two things that annoy and irritate a man very much The first is the pipe that won't draw; the second is the baby that will cry.

Very few men understand why babies cry. They must start, therefore, from the A B C of it. When babies cry they cry because they are built that way. When a baby cries men know that the baby hasn't been born deaf. That is a useful piece of information to start out upon There is a well-known man in London who has three really beautiful daughters They are each deaf and dumb This man lives in the tragedy of a house of silence. He would give his last penny to hear one of his babies cry. When you next hear a baby cry, think of this haunting horror in one man's life. It may make you very kind to little babies who do cry.

Babies don't cry for the fun of the thing Babies cry because it is natural to make a noise, anyhow,

or because they are in pain The average baby doesn't cry because it is in pain Nine tenths of the babies who cry, cry because it is natural for them to cry foolishly, just in the same way as it is sometimes *natural for you to talk foolishly* *It is doing* its best according to its lights It is doing all it knows If you talk foolishly, somebody may stop you by drawing your attention into another groove of thought You want to do that whenever you see a crying baby

Of course, if you see a baby squirming its body, clutching and kicking, you want to run for a doctor *without delay* *But if the baby is crying, just* passively crying, any able bodied man who is handy ought to begin to make faces, or jangle his keys, or try to sing, or stand on his head—do anything to distract the baby's thoughts into another groove

Because the baby only wants amusing It has got tired It has only one toy to play with—its voice It leads a very dull and uninteresting life It sleeps and drinks as a business It cries as a luxury It is on the threshold of speech It is going to interest somebody very much presently by saying Da da and Ma ma

You have, there, a baby's whole existence in a nutshell So do not get excited when a baby cries It hasn't yet the sense to chip in with your amuse-

ments You ought to know enough to chip in with the baby's.

If a man will study along these lines it may prevent him asking his wife that foolish question: "Can't you stop that crying?" which is one of the first thing that starts unhappiness.

EDUCATING THE CHILD

ANOTHER good way in which to start a tiff or worse is for the mother to thrash the children in a fit of temper. Punishment usually falls to the mother's lot because she is the more frequently in their company. Very often she punishes with justice Very often the father comes home and sees a child in bed with red eyes and a wet face, and hears its sobs and feels the extra tender pressure of the arms in giving the "good night" kiss, and all his sympathy and love goes out to it.

That is invariably the undoing of the mother's authority. The child gets compensated for its pain. The punishment has done no good

Believe it or not as you like, but I say such punishment has done no good At least, it hasn't done any lasting good.

I hate the thrashing of a child whether by father or mother. I think it brutalises the parent. I think it is the fault of the child's teaching and up-

bringing that it should require thrashing Thrash a *child and you brutalise the child also*

If you cannot educate a child out of wrong doing by the persuasion of your own voice and the tuition of your own sound reasoning it isn t the child s fault It's your fault Chide yourself before you chide your child It gets all its knowledge of right and wrong from you and from those with whom you allow it to associate You are to blame—always

If I had the makings of the laws of the land, I would thrash any parent who thrashed his own child

It wouldn't be a bad thing for every parent to keep this in mind that your own dignity of manner and your own sense of manliness in yourself and in the boy, ought to enable you both to so dovetail that he will always take your kind words to heart rather than the palm of your hand elsewhere

And again!

Grown people cannot hate or show a more subdued passion than can some children Sometimes the warmest of child friendships get broken in the most trivial way They will quarrel one day amongst themselves, and make it up the next, perhaps That is a healthy, natural form of quarrel But the lasting quarrel of hatred is un-

fortunately very often made by the parents, because they have compared their own child unfavourably with some little playmate or friend, saying, "Johnny Jones would not do that," or "Willie Brown never acts that way"

The effect is to make your little boy or girl resentful against, and cold to, Johnny and Willie, and the reproof thus administered seldom tends to the improvement of the child censured.

The folly of this kind of thing is worse when practised upon sisters and brothers. Many an elder child has a feeling of dislike against a younger because it has been held up as a pattern to go by Praise one child if you like, but don't do it to the blame of the other Children are very sensitive to blame, and it is an injustice to hold them up to ridicule and contempt, as is so often done So if you have been in the habit of doing this, please stop it, because children also can make your married life get dull

Very often it is a good thing that the cook gives notice It takes a young wife's mind off her other troubles

The longer you are married the greater your regrets grow that you wasted so much of the best of the fun at the beginning

THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE

THE servant girl problem being such an important one in the house to every man and woman's peace of mind it ought to be carefully studied by both of them Here is a thing that happens frequently—a servant girl is blamed by her mistress for something she hasn't done. When the girl endeavours to explain she is told not to be rude and answer back She gives answers back again and is packed off next day with her month's salary

I wonder if women—women of position, pomp, and circumstance—ever think how brutally unjust they are to the servant girl? The poor little servant girl is really a thing to be sorry for. Man usually looks upon her like that. Women looks upon her in quite a different way.

Women look upon women in a way we men can't quite understand. Women will generally be harsh and cruel to the women beneath them The woman below always fears the woman above She fears the reproach, the opinion, the contempt That keeps many women good It saves them from disaster It drives others to perdition when the reproach, the opinion, and the contempt are falsely displayed

The late Father Dolling once said that the worst class of women he had to deal with in his earlier days were those country servant girls who had drifted into an abandoned life because their mistresses had discharged them not knowing or caring what became of them. That is a shocking thing to lie at any woman's door.

Every mistress ought to see Gounod's opera of *Faust*. If they have already seen it they ought to go again, just for the purpose of putting my line of argument into it.

They will, of course, go fully dressed, and sit in a nice, comfortable box or stall. Presently Marguerite will come in. Marguerite is a simple young thing, very innocent, and very countrified. She is as simple as a servant girl. Marguerite doesn't know much. What Marguerite knows about the world isn't worth knowing. She doesn't really seem as though she could do anything except look pretty.

Presently Marguerite becomes a very naughty girl indeed. But you women, you don't blame her; you are very sorry for her. Sometimes you cry over her. But you would ask her to tea all the same; you would still call upon her, and still be very nice to her. Society women would make her the "lioness" of an afternoon reception. That is because there is a romantic touch about her story.

But look up in the gallery and see your little slavey sitting there What about her being as simple as Marguerite was? And suppose you had been the female Mephistopheles who had forced her into it?

Don't say "absurd" It isn't absurd Women are doing this every day you live And the devils and the Fausts are going about with promises and boxes of jewellery every day you live also

Marguerite had no excuse The little servant you may sour and blame and throw upon the world may have every excuse Moral women sympathise with stage Marguerites—that is, if they ever stop to think of her at all. If they sympathised with servant girls they would do the soul of themselves and these maids more lasting good, because the fewer of these women they cast upon the streets of our big cities the less chance their husbands would have of being unfaithful

Patience is a virtue forced on many women whilst they watch the dinner getting cold

No matter how much a man spends in "wild oats" he never gets his money's worth

Some men keep themselves as cheap looking as the butler at the front door of a workhouse

WHY MEN FEAR WOMEN

THERE are a number of dull minded men fools in this world upon whom the soothing influence of woman has no effect The man that a woman—the right woman—cannot regenerate is a pretty poor creature, and it's just as well to let him go to destruction in his own way If the average woman doesn't like a thing the average man won't do it. Usually he is the better because he doesn't and doesn't dare

Ever since woman came on earth she has been knocking the viciousness and the foolishness out of man. In the early days of our race a man would thrash a woman because she wouldn't marry him, and then he'd thrash her every day because she did. That was man's stupid practice in those days. He abandoned it gradually. Woman knocked this foolishness and viciousness out of him, but he never had the wit to see how she did it

She did it then by submissiveness She wasn't strong enough herself to dust out the prehistoric cave with him, so she howled when she was beaten. Then when her hide got thicker she

stopped howling, and the man got no fun out of thrashing her

Then her wit and her tact came in Woman fought man kindly and gently or with contempt and a sneer, and she is doing it now to-day with greater success than ever. She saves many a man from drink and over-indulgence by her contempt She has saved herself and her sisters from public insult and annoyance by her sneers.

So long as a woman realises this power and uses it fairly and reasonably, men will fear her, and be glad in the long run they did She is the great social and moral regulator of the human race. A man seldom uses profanity now in the presence of a woman A century ago it was as common in the drawing-room as the gutter. Because women came to despise the habit and despise the men, men, being afraid of women, stopped it

No legislation can stop a man being a cad. A woman's sneer can.

But sometimes women do strange things They fall in love with a sixpenny three-farthing man and think he looks as big as a banknote And, again, some women will marry a man to reform him The cases in which this has been done successfully are mighty few. The girl who takes such a contract in hand deserves little sympathy in her future misery There is no law to prevent a woman

making a fool of herself If there was some women would be at a loss to know how to pass the time and would get into worse mischief.

A man once neglected his wife and she complained to him very bitterly about it He said, very brutally, "Well, a man doesn't run after a 'bus when he's caught it" If in courting days a man wants reforming by his sweetheart and won't reform, he isn't going to reform when he gets her as a wife And if a man won't reform for his sweetheart, and she really and truly loves him and wants to do him a good turn, it would pay her to hire a couple of ruffians to take him out to deep water and leave him there all night with a five-ton anchor round his neck It would be a good thing for the future happiness of both parties

The instinct of the savage is still very strong in the spirit of some apparently civilised men They don't worry much about holding what they have got They have won their possession and think it secure "Sweetheart" is the word with which they go courting Once married they put it back into the Dictionary

Some men have strong powers of persuasion, and make many humble promises Very often a professedly penitent rascal, pleading for a helping hand in the way of a quick marriage, attains his object The bitter realisation of a mistaken step

then comes to the girl too late She finds out that marriage is courtship's ice-chest

Any young woman who is advised by her friends not to marry a certain man is, as a rule, well advised, whatever her own inclination may be, and her heart dictate She might remember that all lovers, even women lovers, can only see in one direction

MAKING LOVE TO A HUSBAND

It's a good thing, my dear, to believe everything on your honeymoon, and the longer you can keep it up in after life the better You may get a sudden jar or two by-and by, and Frank, or whatever his name is, may not be all your young affection fancies But don't blame him for that, and don t lose any of your present faith in him Remember that promises are things that men give women and children to keep them amused and from asking questions Keep on thinking that he is a man—a pretty poor, unreliable, no account sort of creature compared with yourself—and that you are going to make the best of him for yourself and also keep himself worth while, even if you have to take

a lifetime to do it The choicest thing a woman can win is the love of a worth-while man.

Winning a husband is one of the easiest things in the world compared with keeping permanent possession of his love and respect and admiration A wise woman ought to learn how to keep a husband, just as she learns how to keep house, cook a potato, make bread, beds, or tea, or sweep a floor. Of course, some men are not worth it I am taking it that Frank is

If you can do without curl papers entirely, do Anyhow, don't ever come down to breakfast in them Men hate curl papers and other abominations of the kind Men rave about hair Look up the word "Tresses" in any dictionary of quotations Try to make Frank think like that, or as near to it as he is capable

Then always keep your rag-bag handy When a dress or a blouse begins to look shabby, don't think it should be worn out in the house Put it in the rag-bag Don't dress to worry other women Dress to please Frank If he sees you go about the house untidy and soiled, he may say unholy-things Anyhow, he will think them You want to keep him off that You want to use the rag-bag He wants you lovely and well dressed He wants glimpses of the honeymoon Let him have them

He will hint about economy and extravagance,

of course. Let him. He won't mean more than a suggestion not to overdo things You're his hobby Try to remember that You are a bit of delicate bric-à brac, to be handled and fondled with care Keep him up to that point of admiration, and even adoration He won't want to go looking for cheap simplicities and make-believes if you make him think he has a priceless treasure in his keeping He is going to brag about you, and fetch people home to see you

The average man is the most helpless and senseless creature in the world in the hands of a clever and a tactful woman And, curiously enough, he doesn't want to be anything else A man wants his wife to believe he is having his own way all the time, knowing in his own mind all the time that she is having hers He wouldn't stand it from a man He will like it from you

If you can manage your Frank in such a dainty and delicate way that you make him think, and are really doing it, that you are looking up to him, and depending on him and appealing to him, then you have got a soft and a sure thing He is your lover for keeps But always remember that a sure thing is an uncertainty which is all right if it isn't all wrong

And if, by any chance, he should get ruffled, let him sit it out Never talk back That s a foolish

thing to do It will be hard for you, of course Still, you must keep quiet Man is very quick to see that he has been a fool and a brute Give him half a hint to that end and he will come behind you, put his hands under your chin, pull up your head, and kiss you He won't say anything He'll do just that, in a shamefaced, sorry-little-sweetheart *sort of way*

Don't you ever kiss an angry husband He doesn't deserve it, and it won't do any good He will get an idea into his mind you are sorry and have been in the wrong Make him sorry Keep him sorry—at least, for a time You are much more worth kissing than he is You can coax most men, bribe some, and govern a very few As a general thing, if you rub the fur of your Frank in a pretty, caressing way, and purr over him, you have got him as a devoted slave You would do it to a kitten why not to a husband? They both like it, and you will like doing it

The fool talks back and tries to assert his authority The sympathetic listener gets snuggled into

The woman who goes through the world with a short sniff here and a loud cough there loses a friend each time

THE DRY, HARD COUGH

ONCE upon a time a man was called as a witness in a law suit He had to sit in court the best part of a whole day It was a cold, damp, badly-ventilated court

This witness had a dry, hard, rasping cough He coughed, and he kept on coughing His cough annoyed him a great deal Soon the barristers turned his way They said nothing, but they looked at him unkindly The judge looked at him also Presently the cough of the witness got on the nerves of the judge, and the judge said, "You must stop that cough"

"Sir," said the witness, "I can't do it But if you can stop it I'll give you £5"

Very many men have, and women have, coughs of this kind

When a man has a cough, he doesn't cough because of the fun of the thing It is a very serious business to him The simple act of coughing makes him very hot and nervous and uncomfortable, bodily When he is an annoyance, not only to himself but to other people, and other people look up at him and think things, that makes him uncomfortable mentally And so a man who is

really ill, and something of a wreck, may get distressed beyond repair.

You want to be intelligently kind to the man with a bad cough. You never know how soon you may want him to be kindly and considerate to yourself. Your partner's cough may irritate you a little, but fight that irritation down, and only allude to it with sympathy. A sudden fit of temper may come otherwise.

THE MAN AND HIS PENCIL

He was a careful and thoughtful man. He had got those virtues down to a fine art. He was resting comfortably in his easy chair, with his feet on a stool, when he discovered that his pencil needed sharpening. Any other man would have taken out his knife and sharpened his pencil over the fireplace. But he was too thoughtful for that. Also too careful.

He sighed, got up out of his chair, and went across the room for a little waste-paper basket. Then he returned to his seat in the easy chair, and placed the basket on the floor between his legs. His wife smiled approvingly. He was glad of that.

HOW TO MAKE A MAN TALK

HERE is a pretty good thing for a man to think about.

I suggest he has a "stocktaking account" every Sunday morning. I think it would do him a world of good. I want him to review his character during the past six days. I want him to consider the whisky and soda he had on Monday, that extra halfpenny he spent on a paper on Tuesday to see what was the winner, that fourpence he lost at dominoes on Wednesday, and so on throughout the week.

If he takes these things in hand each Sunday morning he may not find much in the way of self-approval. But he will find each and every one of them, things he wouldn't tell his mother or his sweetheart or his wife about. A confession box to hold this kind of weekly avowal would be a useful institution. The only trouble is the earth would have to be enlarged to hold it.

I don't say a man should be a prig and a cad. That would be the most foolish kind of thing to even suggest. But a man indulges in many little pleasures a woman denies to herself. The fault of

He opened his knife, leaned over the basket, and began work on the pencil

"It is just as easy to be careful and thoughtful," he said, as he detached the first shaving from the end of his pencil

"It is," replied the wife, as she followed the shaving with her eye, and saw it land on the bear-skin rug.

But why continue. There are few who have not tried to sharpen a pencil over a small basket in some moment of temporary insanity. When this man had finished, there were three shavings in the basket. The rest were everywhere. His wife cleared up the mess without saying a word, but it does not always happen that way.

Marriage is very often the pick-me-up that cures the sick headache of love.

It is unsatisfactory to be a prude if you cannot find anybody to make you blush.

The good wife who is a good cook and a good housekeeper may make a good door-mat to a cheap husband.

When a woman gets married her husband often looks upon her college education as one of her girlhood fads.

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the men of this country is that they do not consult their wives enough in the things they do Once they marry her they put her into the background As a rule, she knows little of her husband's business Very often it is her own fault She won't listen intelligently and sympathetically. She won't try to realise the man's struggle to retain his position and earn his weekly wage She looks forward only to her housekeeping money each Saturday, knowing little and thinking less of the circumstances under which it has been obtained. That is wrong on the woman's part. It hurts and depresses the man, and he becomes uncommunicative It is one of the sure ways in which married life gets dull to the man, and nothing in the world stays insulted so long as a love or a sympathy that has been allowed to grow cold.

A man is a greater gossip than a woman if you give him a chance to be so And he will tell the truth quicker and a lie more transparently than any woman on earth Few men can tell a lie a woman won't see through If she does not pull it up sharply, it is because of her tact and because she does not want her own trust to be violently abused She doesn't want the man to know that she sees the lie It's a bad thing for you when your wife gets it into her mind that she thinks you a liar but hopes otherwise.

If men would only give themselves one hour each Sunday morning to self-criticism, the average home would be happier than it is If a man does a thing he can't tell his wife about, he is doing wrong If he can't take his wife into all his works and doings, he is abusing her confidence and his own self-esteem Because he is half a coward

In France a man tells his wife the whole of his business affairs The same thing is gradually becoming so in Germany Every French wife is a sleeping partner—an advisory partner—in her husband's business The result is that individually the French family is richer than any other family in the world When the Franco-German War was in progress the men went to fight and the women stayed at home and ran the shops and the businesses And when the war was over, and Bismarck claimed an indemnity of £200,000,000, he gave the French people a period of some years in which to pay it And the French women took their stockings out of their hiding-places so quickly, and paid the fine so readily, that Bismarck exclaimed, "I did not bleed them enough"

The French women were only able to do this then because their husbands took them into confidence, just as they do to-day

I don't ask you to tell your wife everything you do You would have an unhappy time of it if you

did But, honestly, it is worth your while to let her know more about your business than she does know, and to insist that she takes an interest in it

And turning to the women, I say, madam, that any wife can make her husband talk if she wants to But you have to go the right way to work about it

As a rule, a man is just aching to talk to some body who will listen But, perhaps, before he gets a chance to talk, you dry up the well of all his wisdom Perhaps, when you meet him at the door, you tell him that little Johnny has fallen down and cut his knee, or that the maid has broken an orna ment, or that the people next door have annoyed you

There is something in the brain of nine women out of ten that doctors and scientists and philoso phers haven't ever been able to understand or explain It's that they act like this Nearly every woman acts just as nearly as every kitten does She rushes like mad at nothing at all

I am quite sure, my dear, that if I had kissed you good bye at eight o'clock this morning, and if, at five minutes past eight, our little maid-of-all work, in clearing the breakfast table, had smashed a plate, or a cup, or a saucer, that accident would be on your mind all day And when I got home at seven in the evening you would give me a cold

something-in-the-air kind of kiss, and immediately drown me in a flood of words about this stupid maid You would do that, I think, because you are just a woman. And I, being very much of the average kind of man, would try to let you think I sympathised with you, but really I would become quiet and dull myself, as you had been all day, because you had made so much fuss about so little

I don't say, mind you, this would happen between us every day But it would likely happen very early in our married life, and it would happen now and again, and far too frequently. Man's dullness and quietness lies that way. Once let him get into the habit of it, and then the time will surely come when you want to go back to mother

As I have said, it's the easiest thing in the world to make a man talk It's a pathetic thing sometimes to watch a man sitting still whilst all the time he wants to talk to somebody about the things he knows, and the things he has done and could do You can make him talk by intelligent and pleasant questioning. Always keep in mind that he is about the vainest and most conceited animal allowed to roam about loose

Don't ask him a question in the pop-gun, cold-eyed, vinegar-voice style That scares him right away. He hates to get into the witness-box, and he thinks you are trying to put him there Put a

question to him very nicely in a way that seems to flatter That won't cost you anything It will, indeed, pay you You want a great deal of tact in handling a man If you use tact in your questioning, any husband you have got, or ever will get, will tell you all about himself and how superior he is to other people, and how he is going to do this when he gets time, and do that when he has made up his mind about it.

Try to satisfy this selfish craving in man as much as possible There is a good deal of happiness for both of you in it If you have a baby at your house, make a start on him with the baby. He doesn't know anything about babies, and particularly his own baby, but he thinks he does, and he likes you to think that way also When you are having your evening meal to-night pass over a safety-pin to your husband, and say, "What do you think, dear, about these safety-pins? Do you think they are reliable ones?" He will fiddle about with the pin for a while, and try to look wise, and give you advice about safety-pins which you can quietly ignore

But you have got him into the right mood by this time, and you can proceed to draw him out by intelligent and quiet questioning It is all a matter of tact on your part, as I said before Tact is the capacity for doing the right thing in the

right way at the right time Once you understand that, you have acquired a good deal more than the A B C of happiness and wisdom You are getting along towards being a genius

A husband is a sensitive and a delicate plant to handle He wants a good deal of coaxing and attention Of course, some husbands are not worth it, but you might try this plan until you find it a failure

And don't get it into your mind that you are practising dissimulation You are only practising being a sensible, a wise, and a merry woman

Because, you can jolly a husband to more advantage than you can bully him

When a lively, resourceful woman makes up her mind to have her own way, no power on earth can save the man But the other kind of woman may send him to the devil

Because a woman trusts a man that is no evidence that he should be trusted

It's a waste of material to tell a detained-at-the-office lie if you are not likely to be believed

It's rough on a man to have to stay at home and away from a big banquet to nurse his wife who has the dyspepsia

A BIT OF REALLY GOOD ADVICE TO MEN

If you ask the average man what is the average weight of his own brain and a woman's he won't be able to tell you If you ask him whether his is the heavier he will say unhesitatingly, "Yes", and for once in a way he will be right Take him all round, man is a pretty intelligent creature, and there are not many things a woman can do better than he His preponderance of brains has been of immense benefit and value to him, it has given him something to brag about, and yet he has never utilised his brains for the purpose of dressing himself properly

In hot weather you will see him get into a train or a tram or a 'bus, and mop his heated brow, wipe the inside of his hat, and run a handkerchief-covered finger round the inside of his high collar

You never see a woman get too hot this way She wouldn't hurry to save a government from defeat The hottest day she always looks as cool as a leaf of lettuce, and generally feels so At least, she is seldom uncomfortably hot

I need not go into what a woman wears I should possibly make some stupid blunder of

description But man! What does he wear on hot days? Look at this list of things he carries round his body A woollen undershirt, a white shirt with a front to it as thick as a plate of glass, a warm cloth waistcoat, and a jacket And in this rig-out he hopes to be cool and comfortable Of course, if a man tried to dress as women do he would get into an early grave He would die of consumption. Woman has about 25 per cent more resisting power to cold than man has And he would look rather funny going about with his shoulders and his chest and back showing through a thin gauze veil, don't you think?

But he can imitate woman's cool common-sense He might discard the stupid white shirt to start with, and put on a coloured one of cotton or imitation silk I should like to see man putting on a little more colour in summer At present he confines his love of colour to a tie and a suit of pyjamas I have seen some very brilliant suits of pyjamas, and they seem wasted in the passage between the bedroom and the bathroom

If the weather is all right, mothers and wives and sisters and sweethearts should insist upon the young men discarding the plated white shirt It's an abomination, anyhow And they should insist, instead, upon the cool and coloured shirt Man and his clothes are commonplace and ugly enough,

goodness knows He might try to beautify himself when he gets a chance It might be better, too, if he asked his mother or his wife or his aunt about the colours he should wear Every man goes hopelessly wrong in colours, and I should not like to see him going about as an imitation lizard, or chameleon, or peacock If this advice is followed in hot weather, it will keep many a man from coming home in the evening hot, uncomfortable, tired, and bad tempered

THE JEALOUS WOMAN

ONE of the most despicable things on earth is the unreasoning jealous man or woman I remember a woman once saying to me with regard to young women typists "Nothing on earth will make me believe that any creature who can sit in the same room all day with a man can be modest And I will not believe that under such circumstances a man will be true and honest to his wife Isn't it only natural that we who have given him our best years and our anxieties and maternal duties must be crowded to the wall with the youth, beauty, health of the young girl? This typewriter girl is with him all day, and she does what she likes Her impudence is smiled at, and she has been the

curse of many happy homes and loving wives I shall never be the same to my husband so long as he keeps this girl."

Such an attitude is cruel and untrue Many men have married their typewriting girls, some have fallen in love with them, flirted with them, some married men have run away with them. But that she is a wholesale element of domestic discord would be the cruellest thing to say.

To put it bluntly and plainly, the relations between the man and the girl, under such conditions, have, by their very great usage, become such a matter of everyday life that the question of sex does not enter into it A man wants his work done quickly and well For the time being the girl is part and parcel of her own machine He gives no more attention to her than to a maid in his own house.

And, besides, it is a mistake to think that all typewriting girls are pretty. They are not The bulk of them are just honest, hard-working women, whose great charm lies in the fact that they have good, sound sense, are quick and reliable, and are helping the dear old mother to keep the wolf from the door.

I have a great admiration for the typewriting girl, and I consider any attack upon her an attack upon the rights of women generally to make her-

self independent, and as a gross libel upon the probity and honesty of the man in whose company she is daily thrown.

This woman who complained to me was one of those sour women who had neither the wit nor the tact to retain the affections of their husband,—a *nagging, jealous woman, whose narrow-mindedness* has been her own curse—the kind of woman who drives her husband to create the very pitfall against which she asked me to issue a warning. It is wrong usually to call in a third party to settle domestic disputes It takes three people to make a good domestic quarrel! The young couple to start it and an outsider to keep it up. Whenever anybody has come to me and asked me to see some other person on the griddle and watch them being roasted, I get worried, because I feel it is going to be my turn next at the hands of the same cook.

Very often an honest confession is money in the pockets of a lawyer.

Courtship is a sparring match that comes off before the big fight.

A woman never really gets all the rights she *wants until she gets a husband who is afraid to talk* back.

HOW TROUBLE STARTS

THE subject of home life, and its influence for good or evil, should be studied by every young couple Because domestic quarrels come so easily Take the day's life of two average people The man spends his day in office or workshop, the woman spends hers largely in the home The surroundings of each are different There is uniformity of neither thought nor action Each thinks he or she has done the better and the greater day's work, has had the greater worry, and is the more tired

The man comes home with his troubles in his hand The woman has hers ready in her lap Both have been rehearsing the telling of them, and both are resentful and bitter that the other should start complaining the moment they meet

Sir Humphrey Davy was largely a chemist He made some very important discoveries in chemistry He didn't talk much, he thought the more And one of the wisest things he ever thought was this "Life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which services and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure com-

fort" Davy was a married man, and he knew.

Minutes make hours—tiffs make quarrels, hours make days—quarrels make hatred, days make years—hatred makes separation and divorce Don't build up on these lines

If you are a man and have any manliness in you, don't come home and develop into the proverbial bear with a sore head It isn't worth it What's the use of kicking up a fuss about a chair being out of place, or a rug unevenly laid, or the dinner late, or a vegetable cold?

You have countless comforts in the home. Why not look around at them? But, no, the novelty and the charm of the fixtures have worn off, and you have lost your mental vision of them and the labour it has meant to keep them there

And if you are a woman, what's the use of making a domestic gale by complaining that your husband has kept the dinner waiting, or that he came over the carpets with his boots on instead of changing into slippers in the hall? You have frozen the joy in his eyes and killed the pleasant greeting on his lips It wasn't worth it

Neither of you meant these untimely outbursts Of course not. Only that you were answered back you would be sorry for it. Having been answered back you have been badly treated As a matter of

fact, you have been properly treated. The comforts of a home and the happiness of its inmates do not depend on a file of receipted bills. There are other things that go towards making domestic bliss. Smiles and gracious words and commonsense are three of them.

But perhaps an era of domestic prosperity is in sight. The first-fruits of it are about to be gathered in a little town in West Virginia. Virginia, of course, is in the United States. There the domestic problem is quite acute. Maid-servants, when you can get them, have very high wages. Black men and Chinamen frequently do the maid-servant's work.

The great servant problem is about to be set right in this way—in West Virginia. A secret society has been formed called "The Home Makers." Only men are members, and the subscription is five dollars (or twenty shillings) a year. The objects of the society are to encourage and discourage. The members must discourage their wives from gossiping with their neighbours; they must break up that great American institution, the sewing circle—that is, women visiting one another's houses to chat and to sew; they must also discourage the women's card parties.

They must encourage women to do their own washing, cooking, charing, cleaning, and dusting

with thoroughness and dispatch when the maid servant, the coloured gentleman, or the Chinaman fails them

It is to be done pleasantly at the outset, and, if that fails, then harsher methods may be adopted—the whip or the stick may be used. The Society of Home Makers will pay all fines out of the yearly subscription of five dollars

As I have already said, an era of domestic prosperity is in sight That is plain from the ideas of the Society of Home Makers in West Virginia These men have been clever enough to recognise that a husband ought to have some voice in the management of the home Hitherto they have not been taken in as equal partners in the running of it Women have had a monopoly in making the happiness of the home and raising the babies too long It is time for man to break in and take a hand in the spanking privileges and contribute his humble mite towards the family's welfare To expect a woman to make a home happy all by herself is as absurd as to expect a small boy to play "I spy!" all by himself

Go into any parlour or drawing room of the country, and what do you find? Every woman is talking about Mrs So and So's baby Never Mr and Mrs So-and So's Do you ever hear of the husband's elevating interests or proprietary rights?

And if the talk is about the beautiful home, never a word do you hear in praise of the man A stranger to the white man's boasted progress and civilisation would be justified in thinking man had no hand in affairs

So it is pleasant to find the Home Makers will put that all right

It is disappointing, of course, that the first society of husbands banded together for the purpose of promoting domestic bliss should have begun their operations by reforming their wives' faults instead of their own But this is mere force of habit Men have been so accustomed to blame women for everything that goes wrong in the home, that they cannot be expected to change too suddenly

But presently, when some exasperated wives meet the Home Makers and cripple a few of them, and the lynching committee of West Virginia has further thinned out the members, I expect the remainder will revise their rules, and we shall presently see them thoroughly entering into the spirit of household management, washing, scrubbing, cooking, bringing up the coals, and putting the baby to bed, and lending a willing hand in each and every process

Love isn't blind It is simply short-sighted

THE WARDROBE RIGHTS OF MAN

If the married man must revolt and wishes to form himself into a secret society, I know of one crying evil that would bring him the sympathy of the whole male world

I suggest a society to assert the wardrobe rights of man Throughout the ages the overbearing tyranny of women in this matter of the peg, and the cupboard, and the drawer has been such as to now be looked upon as the refinement of cruelty

Women, from the first moment of married life, crowd us out from all the wardrobe luxuries of our bachelor days On the honeymoon we put up with this minor worry without complaint Settled down in our own home, we spend one day before returning to business on the distribution of our wearing apparel in easy vantage places That is the first error Later in the day we change the position of everything in deference to our wife's wishes We have one cupboard of the wardrobe, she has two

The discipline of man in this matter is gradual He finds himself crowded out peg by peg, and drawer by drawer He is presently reduced to a couple of pegs *You* can't get more than one suit on one peg—two suits A few days later you find

your six articles of apparel on one peg—a woman *can* do it—and a day or two later still you are asked if there isn't anywhere else you can put your things than by crowding up the whole wardrobe

About this time—when you are wandering over the house with an armful of clothing, and have laid them down on the dining-room table for a moment, to think—you have an idea of going out and engaging half a dozen 'bus drivers to help you express what is on your mind But next morning early a better idea occurs to you, and you send home a bedroom couch, the seat of which will lift up and hold all you have

Your wife meets you on the doorstep, and kisses you and calls you a darling, and gives you a good dinner Then you go upstairs and find the couch filled with your wife's best dresses and your own things back on the two pegs

Finally, when you become wild-eyed and abusive, and your wife is in tears, a row of pegs is nailed up in one of the recesses of the bedroom, and you hang up your belongings behind a curtain

But the time is coming when we men, through pure lack of wardrobe accommodation, will have to confine ourselves to one suit of clothes, keep our collars and our ties in an old soap box under the bed, and rent a case in some safe deposit company, and go there when we want to change our shirts

MAN AND HIS BUTTONS

FOR a fortnight or more in the summer some of us have wives away at the seaside, and, except when we spend the week ends with them and the children, we come home nightly to a ghostly feeling house and a chop There is no more miserable existence than for a man to be left alone in the house by himself It gets on his nerves He can't sit down and read It is too still Every creak of wood reminds him that certain windows are open for fresh air, and he begins to wonder how he would fare in a life-and-death struggle with a burglar He puts his book down and looks around for something to do Half the things in the house are packed away and the doors locked It is a time of blank and dire despair, and he resolves that in future he will stay in town until bedtime

I know a man who once under these dread circumstances plunged into a black and desperate enterprise He wanted something to do, and there was a button off his waistcoat He would sew it on He had heard that no man could do this thing satisfactorily Well *he* would He would plunge into it and make a business and an enthusiasm of it if it took him all the evening And he would

go down to his wife at the week-end and show her his handiwork

He had the button to match, which was a wonder His first trouble came when he found that his wife had locked up the sewing machine

However, he prized it open with a chisel, and would have a locksmith round next morning to put it in order again He was delighted to find a slim needle already set, and it was easy work for him to thread it up the wrong way Then he found himself short of hands He wanted one to hold the waistcoat and the other to hold the button

He didn't see, then, how he was ever going to get the machine started, and he had to try the button and the waistcoat with one hand At the first clip the needle went about half an inch into his left forefinger, and he got up and talked about it, and swung his hand in the air and sucked it, and rang for the housekeeper and asked her what was the best thing to do when about to bleed to death

For the rest of that evening he wasn't lonely He had his great grief with him

And it wasn't till three days later, when he met his wife, that he discovered he was the only man in the world who had ever attempted to put on a button with a sewing machine But the knowledge of this fact made him all the more mad, and the breezes blew

Moral Test the buttons on your good man's clothes every now and then

MAN AND HIS BRACES

MAN being a careless, easy going kind of animal *in his own home, wanting to be waited on and generally mothered, ought to be carefully handled in one or two particular ways* The young wife can generally reckon on her husband changing his collar and his shirt every other day He may change other wearing articles once in a while But every Christmas she ought to give him a new pair of braces and insist upon him giving up the old ones

There is something weird and uncanny about the way in which a man will cling to an old pair of braces Some men will go through life and never wear more than two pairs—one as a boy, the other as a man

You can mislay a man's favourite waistcoat, or give his old pipe away to a tramp, or put his worn out carpet slippers in the dustbin, and he will be annoyed for a brief space, but take his old braces from him and he will get real mad Ask ninety-nine men out of every hundred for how long a time they have been wearing their present pair of braces,

and they won't be able to tell you. These suspenders have grown dirty, and faded and frayed, but they never seem to lose their hold on the wearer's affections.

It is only when a man puts on another pair of trousers—ones that are too short or too long in the legs, and he has to pull the braces in, or let them out, that he begins to realise these suspenders are getting old. He sees an ounce or two of fluff around the buckles and shakes his head. He brushes this away and decides that the braces are as good as new.

Some men have more affection for an old pair of braces than they have for an old wife. Why? It isn't sense Women ought to try firmly but gently to break men away from this worship of the old pair of braces Every married woman each Christmas morning should put a new pair in her husband's stocking and the night before she should put the old pair on the fire That is the only safe way for her to stand first in his affections.

couldn't stand it any longer, because he really had daughters of his own, and he said to the young man, "What do you mean, sir, by annoying this young lady in this outrageous manner?"

The youth stopped smiling at the pretty girl, and said, "Mind your own business."

And the old gentleman went on, "You young puppy, I'll see to you. I'll see if young ladies are to be publicly insulted by such ruffians as you. I have daughters of my own, sir, and I'll make an example of you. Conductor!"

The conductor advanced very willingly into the car. "Put this young puppy off," said the old gentleman. The conductor rang the bell and stopped the car.

"Off ye get now," he said.

"What for?" said the youth.

"For mashing," said the conductor.

"Mashing be hanged, you ——!" started the young man, when "Stop, stop!" screamed the pretty girl, throwing herself between the youth and the conductor. "Please don't hurt him, he's my brother."

Then, turning fiercely to the benevolent old gentleman, she added, passionately, "I think you're a perfectly stupid old thing. Why didn't you mind your own business?"

The tramcar moved on then. The conductor

retired and went on top The old gentleman was hopelessly cast down The other passengers congratulated themselves that they did not get an opportunity to take part in the controversy.

SHOULD A HUSBAND READ HIS NEWSPAPER AT BREAKFAST?

No, he should not. Man, as a rule, dresses quicker than a woman. He can, therefore, be at the breakfast table first If he hasn't got up late, as he often does, and if he hasn't got himself into a temper, as he sometimes does, because the morning meal isn't waiting for him, he has time to glance at his paper, take in the headlines and get a general idea of the day's news, which should be sufficient to keep him going

her plans for the day to settle, and she wants to talk them over with him She likes to consult him about what he wishes for dinner, and perhaps there are the morning letters to consider. It isn't fair to give the wife the burden of working out the comfort and the salvation of the pair of you. It's a partnership business, and breakfast and dinner should be board meetings.

WHEN MARRIED LIFE WILL NEVER GET DULL

THERE are a few delicate little attentions, courtesies, and kindnesses that a husband and wife can observe to one another out of doors that will always stamp them as the perfect couple.

For instance:

1. Take it that a husband and wife have been separated for some days, and their meeting is in public. Should they kiss one another?

Yes, certainly—and why not? If you met your sweetheart at a railway station, would you kiss her? Don't answer. You can blush and let the question go. If you were parting with her at a railway station, I think, perhaps, you would kiss her. If you had arranged to meet her at the theatre door, for some strange reason you would not kiss her.

But when you were seeing her home later in the evening you would kiss her in the cab when people on the pavement were not looking, and you were sure the driver wasn't taking observations through the flap above, and be likely to call out "I spy."

The fault with many young men is that they use up all their kisses before marriage. After marriage a man is very sensitive to public opinion in this respect. Before marriage public opinion can go hang. It's his girl. In the sweethearting days, when the heart is full of emotion, a young man expresses himself irrespective of place or surroundings, or opinions, whilst the girl is timid of it. Later the masculine mind resents a third party or a crowd having the least share in his domestic observances But a woman glories in it.

A man should not expect a woman to conform to all his vagaries, and it is a vagary and an absurdity to think a woman is not worth the same attention and courtesy after wedlock as before

Kiss your wife whenever you meet her. Those who see you do it and don't like it are not worth having as friends. You can change your friends very easily. Strangers don't count. The wife who wants your kisses, and whom you want to kiss, is a good thing to have handy, either at home or in public.

2. Never meet your wife in public without lifting your hat to her. It is, perhaps, the greatest tribute a husband can pay to a wife, and the one that pleases her most, because so few men do it—to their own wives.

3. If a man is fully developed, and his limbs are perfectly sound, if his health is in good condition, and his brain in perfect order, then I think he may be safely permitted to carry parcels.

Man was largely made to carry things. In the old, pre-historic days he carried everything he had on his back, or in his girdle. With the dawn of intelligence instead of instinct, civilisation instead of barbarism, man rushed into luxurious living. He invented houses to store things in, pegs to hang things on, cupboards to hide them in, and so on. In all the ages since pre-historic times man has been devising things to save himself trouble and inventing things to save himself labour.

Some day some man will invent some plan to prevent himself carrying parcels. Until then he should go on doing as his wife tells him, carry any parcels she may suggest. And he should do it pleasantly. A wife is not imposing on a man in asking him to carry so many parcels so often. She does not know any better. It's ignorance on her part. She knows she has married a man. It may be added knowledge to her to know that she has married a gentleman.

TRAINING THE TWIG

It isn't often that I have wanted to shake the life out of a woman. But I sometimes do.

And sometimes I want to club a man into sudden death. It's when I see them terrifying little children. Unless a child is tired or in pain it will give no trouble. If it is in mischief that's a healthy form of amusement, which should be cultivated—within bounds.

These are the two chief reasons why men and women—some men and women—quarrel with little children, and instil terror into their minds with the rough usage to which they are subjected. It's called firmness by themselves. I have heard it called brutality by others.

But I want to protest more particularly about the folly of instilling fear into a child's mind in a threatening way. Remember that your child is more or less of an animal. It has little reasoning power, only instinct. It is groping in the dark, and searching for the light of reason. If it sees a candle for the first time, it will want to play with the flame. If you thrash it it gets hurt, and it has sense enough to cry. If you threaten it you terrify it. You do it more harm with the threat

than the thrashing, because you stagnate the child's brain and shock its bodily system.

If the child is wakeful, and can't get to sleep, please do not say a giant or a tiger will be sent in to it. It's a lie on your part, and the child, thinking *you are truthful, falls into a troubled sleep,* and has the nightmare. Don't disabuse its confidence. You will do more for the child's health and your own peace of mind by snuggling into it and lulling it off to slumber. Because, remember, you are the child's whole world. It misses you—all it knows—even when it goes to bed.

And don't threaten it at table. If it won't drink its milk don't tell it it is a naughty boy, and that the policeman will take it up The inevitable will happen. The child will either take its milk into a disordered stomach, or it will spill it over the table or its lap Your temper rises either way, and there is discord in the family at once. Have sense enough to say, "Sonny, if you drink your milk you will grow up to be a big handsome man like Pa." That will make Pa blush and laugh; you will follow suit, and so will sonny. Good humour is infectious.

And presently, when the boy grows up, don't terrify him out of a year's growth when you catch him smoking his first cigarette. You can cure even the cigarette habit in a kindly, sensible way.

Remember that at this age boys are hero worshippers. Tell him that Baden-Powell doesn't smoke, and that B. P. won't let any lad be a Boy Scout who does smoke.

If fathers and mothers will go along on these lines for a time I think they will soon find that I have given them pretty good advice

SHOULD A WIFE HAVE A SALARY?

EVERY married woman whose husband goes to business and earns a weekly wage should have some bonus given her over and above the bare housekeeping allowance.

It isn't fair to make your wife a petty thief. There are tens of thousands of women in this country who *are* thieves. They pinch something out of the housekeeping money. That is, they spend a shilling or two on little personal vanities, and not only say nothing about it, but fear to do so.

Many an office-boy has been discharged, and been ruined, perhaps, for life, because an employer has given him a stamp to put on a letter, and the boy has been found to have kept the stamp and

fifteen shillings you give her you expect only fourteen to go on the house. The other shilling is pocket money for herself. There are thousands of good women who can do quite a lot with a lump sum of £2 12s. once a year that they can call entirely their own.

Of course, if you've got the right kind of wife, and I hope you have, she'll rob her own money-box to help the household expenses whenever it is necessary.

But the point to bear in mind is that you want to stop turning your wife into a thief. *Give* her a shilling or more a week. Don't let her think that you think she is stealing it.

THE STARCHED COLLAR

WHAT was the greatest crime ever committed? Without a doubt it was the invention of the starched stand-up collar for men.

If the truth were known, it isn't petty theft and lying that starts a young fellow on the downward path.

It's his first collar.

Go to Madame Tussaud's, look round the Chamber of Horrors, and what do you find? *Nearly all* the murderers are wearing scarves or mufflers.

But in their pure young days there can be no question they wore stand-up collars.

Again, go to any of our prisons. Will you find any convict in a starched white collar? Of course not. You can't reform a man with a whitewashed fence around his neck. It's a wise rule not to let convicts wear starched collars.

Who is the funniest-looking woman? Why, the one who apes man's costume.

And why do you laught at her? Because she is wearing a stiff collar.

You possibly hadn't thought of these things until I drew your attention to them. But it is so, isn't it?

How much longer are you going to bear the burden and the cross of the boiled collar? Look back along your life and think of the things it has made you say. Try to realise how your collar has kept the Recording Angel working overtime all to your undoing, and how it has broken up more happy homes than anything else. Millions of men have left their wives in tears because collars come home frayed from the wash.

History tells us that Francesco Cenci, a Roman nobleman, murdered his washerwoman. There is no reason to inquire why. You may be driven to do the same thing some day when your linen comes home from the wash.

Start now to discard the hard collar. Wear a soft one. Most likely it will suit your style of beauty better. Anyhow, you will be much more happy.

MARRIED PEOPLE WHO "SLACK UP"

EVERY day we hear in the papers of unhappy marriages. But are there so many of them?

You see, when a man is happily married he doesn't advertise the fact, but when a man is unhappy in the married state he does make a noise about it, or if he doesn't somebody else does.

The perfect marriage is where there is a wholesouled loyalty on the part of the man and an utter devotion on the part of the woman. No man should expect or get this utter devotion unless he keeps on trying to make himself worthy of it, and no woman is worthy of a man's loyalty unless she also exerts herself to keep it.

The unfortunate tendency in married life is to "slack up." That is absolutely the end of all genuine and abiding love.

You can "slack up" in business, in morals, in religion, or in anything else, and then "swear off" and start as good as new, better in fact, because of

the past experience But you can't do that matrimonially.

There are cankers left in the brain and in the heart of your partner.

The true married state is where a man and a woman get mentally conversant and in touch with each other's likes and dislikes To be intimately associated in mind has the most lasting effect.

THE FRIEND WHO HAS A WAY WITH HIM

If you want to find the greatest imbecile on earth, please take note of the man or woman who says or does some outrageously stupid thing, and then, when corrected, makes the lame excuse "Can't help it, it's my way!"

If ever you come across a man, say, like this, you get up against the most obstinate, ill-natured, selfish, and disagreeable brute allowed to go at large, and the pity of it is there are so many of them.

You can cut for ever, or kick at once, a man who deliberately lies to you, but the fellow who pleasantly excuses himself, whilst he disarms you with his selfish virtues, becomes as irritating as a blister.

Such a man isn't a friend worth having, or even cultivating The difficulty is to shake him off and have done with the danger of him Generally he is a limp rag of a thing, apart from this one characteristic, and he is the last person in the world to whom you should give your confidence

Yet, as a general rule, you will find men giving all their candour to such creatures—to their own undoing

Men and women with "ways" who have been invited into the family circle of happily-married couples, can pretty well break up the harmony of the home in one afternoon It is hard for a man of this kind to keep his mouth shut and not give away a lot of things that his particular friends do not want known

Beware of this brute, and don t have him in your home

You can play the fool with your husband some of the time, but it's fatal to play the fool with yourself all the time

Marriage is a success because it keeps you guessing and no man is happy unless he can take on a gamble of some kind

Every woman is now being born with that protective faculty called "sniffiness"

I want to warn you men

Don t be deluded into the idea that a new woman acquaintance likes you very much indeed because she seems quite nice to you She may be simply sizing you up And she will get to know more about you in the next twenty-four hours than you will learn about her in a life time

In affairs of affection, or in the sweet simplicity of any regard you may have towards her—go slow

She may be an awfully nice girl or woman in your way of thinking, but depend upon it she has a good deal more sense than you have

This may be a mighty tough proposition for men to swallow, but I do think it is good sound sense, and I urge you to get some of it into your system

THE SCHOOL FOR MATRIMONY

A SHORT time ago the Bishop of Ripon suggested a training school for matrimony. To put it in quite a ribald way, the Bishop was talking through his hat

There is nothing so pleasant to watch as

the faces of a few curates and a bunch of schoolgirls when a Bishop delivers a "short address" on the things he doesn't understand. You get very near then to the stained-glass window effect in actual life.

What the worthy Bishop of Ripon didn't understand was this—that every worthy mother is a whole training school in herself, and that's the only school for matrimony ever likely to be successful.

A girl's training for matrimony begins with her first doll and from the moment she begins to "play house."

A boy's begins when he is first taught chivalry to girls.

A school of matrimony such as was in the mind of the Bishop of Ripon can teach a girl how to boil a potato or how to fry a rasher of bacon, but would it and could it teach her tact, patience, and forbearance? As a rule a woman gets more excited over a hard-boiled egg than her husband does.

And why should there be a school of matrimony for women only? I should like to chip in with my own humble suggestion. To make married life run smoothly and pleasantly, why shouldn't there be a school of matrimony where young men are taught how to do up a young woman's bodice at the back with a calm and even temperament?

And wouldn't it be a good thing to teach him to

her wardrobe and commit to memory everything she possessed.

Skirts were easy.

Blouses he would put on the dressmaking "dummy" and practise fastening them with expedition and a freedom from dirty thumbmarks. And because he learned to do this by degrees and in solitude his wife never heard him sigh or mutter cuss-words behind her back, and so thought him a greater saint than he really was.

Hats were his hobby. He knew the geography and the gardening of every one of them. If he had ever been allowed, which he wasn't, to go and fetch one of his wife's hats for her, he could pretty well have done it with his eyes shut.

I have said this was a good and a wise man. What a pity there are so few of them?

THE PIES THAT MOTHER MADE.

THE WOMAN who has the mind for it can generally jar her husband out of all calm and common-sense reasoning by holding up the members of her own family as patterns on which he should have been constructed, and whose virtues he should copy.

The young and the inexperienced married man

makes his one solitary break when he says, just after the honeymoon, and when the girl is trying to do her best, that her puddings and pies are not quite so good as his mother made.

As a general rule this is about the last chance the married man takes of telling the whole truth—and so he makes a botch of it.

If he could exercise as much tact—let us say tact—in explaining away her poor cooking and smoothing her down because of her shortcoming in the same ratio as he will in a few years' time have to smooth her down because of his own shortcomings, then he would become the perfect man.

Most young husbands have been known to mention mother's cooking once to the young wife. On occasions it has been said twice.

But there is no record that it has ever been said a third time, because it isn't until about the age of forty that a man gets too old and dyspeptic for any kind of pudding or pie and turns to cheese and celery instead. And any young husband deserves to go pieless on a Sunday between the ages of twenty and forty if he is deficient in sense. Many a man has started to mar his married life because of the memory of the mince-pies his mother used to make.

However, the time comes when the wife gets her own back, and then she does it with a vengeance

The children come Little Tommy and little Mary keep growing and develop characteristics

It is the fault of many otherwise sensible women, then, to make invidious comparisons The mother, turning her mind more to the domestic side of things than the man does, picks out very quickly the good and the bad points of the youngsters

And she becomes so stupid as to voice the opinion that all the good points of the children are traits in *her family*, and all the bad points traits in the husband's

A man will take this lying down on the first occasion, he will get sulky on the second, and every time after that he will start to break up the hitherto happy home

I think he is justified in so doing

No woman's own family has a right to, or can possibly possess, all the virtues

Granted, however, this impossible thing happens

Then it jars the man to be told so, and the poorer minded creature he is the worse it hurts him

Women would be wise to exercise some sort of discretion in this direction It s difficult, I think, for them to do so Most times they have no idea of offence It is just family pride—a pure and a simple attribute—admirable in every sense from the mother s standpoint, when spoken with restraint and gentleness

But it raises trouble at home when coldly and unkindly said.

DON'T LET A MAN GO SHOPPING

GIRLS, don't take your husband on a shopping expedition if you can possibly avoid it. I don't think it ever does any good.

You are so taken up with what you want to find, and with what you won't have palmed off on to you, you have to do so much talking and *thinking*—so much hard work, girls, on these shopping ventures, that you are liable to forget the poor man hanging around, who is feeling so much cheaper every minute, that it will be a mercy if some shop-walker doesn't carry him off and put him on the remnant counter.

You wouldn't take him to a bargain fight, would you, just the sort of fun he'd like to pay good money to see, then why unsettle his mind by taking him about as a pet lamb?

Some men have liked to go shopping. It has generally been with their best girl when they were setting up housekeeping.

And a man can look as cheap as sixpence-halfpenny on even this occasion.

As a rule he looks and feels like two for three-halfpence when he goes with his wife.

A man seldom has any respect for the feminine intellect until he accompanies his wife to the stores, and by the time he escapes into the fresh air he is so worn out and cross that he wants to be precipitated home and put to bed without supper.

It should be a set rule in life that shopping for man should be a minor penalty. If a husband stays out too late, say, after eleven-fifteen, he should be compelled to go to the nearest stores next morning—headache or no headache—carry in his mind's eye the colour of the parlour carpet, and buy some chintz for the chairs to match.

That would be a sure cure. Fewer men would get into padded cells. Because they would swear off earlier in life that they would get home earlier every evening.

Men and women view their shopping tours in different ways.

Women for the same reason that men take drinks —to celebrate their happiness or drown their disappointment.

Men as a penance—which penance, or how many of them, we need not inquire into. Here, every man can set out his own past experience to fit.

But ask your husband, girls, if he has been thoroughly happy when shopping with you. If he

lies and says "Yes," rather slowly, you want to watch him pretty closely, and you should take him to the stores next morning to match something and see how he behaves

But try to induce him to say he hates shopping with you Give him a fair chance to avoid seeing you in one of your worse moods Don't blind his love and chill the warmth of him

There are few men who can continue these adventures and come out with the same peace of mind they had when they embarked upon them

WHAT EVERY MAN LIKES—FLATTERY

THERE was a case in the courts a short time ago where a large lady with a long tongue had a perfectly lovely time of it telling the magistrate how bad her husband was

Amongst his many shortcomings was this—"He goes crazy over every woman who is nice to him and flatters him"

The magistrate listened attentively and most politely, then dismissed the case, saying, "I think, madam, you would be happier if you didn't talk so much"

The magistrate's advice was only half good. He

should have told the lady to be the real one who was nice and flattering to her husband all the time

Considering that Nature decreed from the beginning of the world that all male animals should go out chasing and do the conquest, and that even the highly developed mind of man to day is liable to break out into every kind of original sin now and again—when law and society isn't watching him—it's rather amazing that so many of him keep so good

There is only one woman in a hundred who really understands that a man has to be constantly flattered if she is going to keep in his good graces

Consciously or unconsciously, he demands flattery, as every woman demands admiration

Nearly every woman's jealousy comes from this want of knowledge

Without the slightest sense of wrong or shame on either side, many a married man has been friendly with a young girl because he has been able, with his influence, to help her along in her ambitions If the girl is clean minded and does nothing to compromise herself, she would be foolish to decline the aid The man is satisfied because his vanity has been flattered

Every man loves to feel he is a benefactor Impecunious people wouldn't be able to borrow

half-sovereigns and five-pound notes if the average man wasn't the fool of flattery.

If I were a woman—which I'm not—and if I had a husband—which I haven't—I'd see that my husband got his fill of flattery, and that he got the most of it at his own fireside.

A woman who is married to a man has nine points of the game in her favour. The man can't get away from her without considerable trouble, in the first place—she's got him right under her thumb to experiment on.

But the other woman, who's playing the flattery game, supposing she's doing it in the worst way, has to wait on his chances of calling, or stand around on windy street corners, compromising herself in many ways.

There are scores and scores of ways in which women can, may, and will flatter men without any serious results arising.

Man may be an ass to want flattery. Perhaps it's an incurable disease.

But generally there is not a bit of harm in it, and the wife who won't flatter her husband once in a while will find out to her cost that there are many other women in the world who will.

Then, of course, she'll howl because the brute enjoys it.

holy calm for any length of time under the circum stances of too much ridicule, and why should she? A thoughtful, kindly man, will endeavour to ex plain a witticism in a simple understandable way Some men have the idea that a wife must be treated like a schoolgirl She wants to be trusted as though she had some sense and some ideas of her own, and as though she were an intelligent human being, even though she may not be really quick enough to see the subtlety of every joke So many men are such poor story tellers that women are to be excused and pitied if they are slow to see the point, and no man should snub or ridicule his wife before others—a thing many a man does The woman who is short on humour will as like as not have a full share of temper, and that s a thing a man wants to keep under as much as possible

In some houses husbands come home to find there is nothing thought of except to give the baby a chance to sleep

THE GIVE AND TAKE OF MARRIED LIFE

THERE is nothing so wonderful about woman as the ease with which she makes herself believe in those she loves.

Perhaps God in His infinite mercy gave women a spiritual blindness to keep them from seeing the things that must break their hearts if they were actually seen.

Once the honeymoon has waned a man is the quicker to unconsciously show his inconsistencies and faults than is the woman, and then she has to spend some considerable time in the make believe of not noticing them.

He goes back to the turmoil of business.

She is left alone at home with a good deal of spare time on hand to think of the incidents of the past hours.

Perhaps there are more heartaches to the woman in the first twelve months of married life than there are in all the following years. It is a time of learning and discipline to her. It is a time of dead loneliness and doubt and anxiety—and the loneliness is worst of all. She is so much alone all day and has so much time to think of an unkind word, a

thoughtless act or an incident that has shattered the capital R of Romance into a small one. Later she gets hardened The continual family jars are episodes that must be lived through and forgiven if not forgotten And yet perhaps one musn't blame the man too much. The days when a man could qualify to become a saint are past.

And, so far as I can discover, the old saints didn't marry, whatever other mischief they got up to, and in which they were not found out.

The trouble with most young men is that they want to make married life one grand sweet song in their own way without any reference to the moods, activities and acquirements of the other contracting party.

After marriage a man expects his wife to adapt herself to him, which is absurd. There is no more reason why a woman should adapt herself to a husband than that he should adapt himself to her. If he wants her to meet him on the doorstep each evening with a sweet smile he ought to come along with a broad grin.

When a woman has occasion to work hard she calls it either shopping, visiting or entertaining.

A good way to attract attention to yourself is to be polite to your wife.

A FEW REFLECTIONS

EVERY woman should have a set of rules pinned on her mirror, and read them through every morning as soon as she gets up. I suggest the following, to keep husbands peaceful and happy and on the high-road to Heaven:—

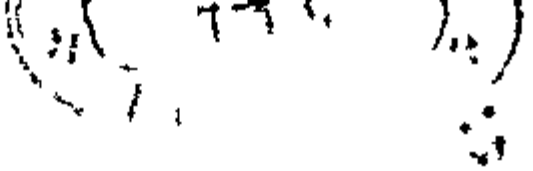
1. My husband is wonderfully clever, and it is just possible he may some day discover a new country or the greatest secret of science, but I will not send him to find a handkerchief for himself unless it is in the middle of the top drawer and in plain view.

2. I will not ask him to do any carpentering work. He is at once a luxury and a necessity to me, and I know if he should scratch a finger he might fear he would bleed to death.

3. I will not ask him to bring home parcels, because that might give him nervous prostration.

4. I will never admit that I am in the slightest way ill, that might spoil his evening at the club.

And there are others. Most women will be able to write them out to suit themselves.



KEEP YOUR APPOINTMENTS PUNCTUALLY

YOUNG married people should make every effort to keep punctually any appointments made between them.

A decent minded man will be on time or a few minutes before-hand. No woman is worth waiting for more than a quarter of an hour behind time.

The man who waits longer at a street corner or in some draughty passage only loses his temper, and creates a scene in public, which it is far better to have at home.

Women are the chief offenders in this respect. Many of them get it into their minds that the great civility of punctuality is a thing to be excused when it is abused. Often enough this is an incident that starts to make married life very, very dull indeed. A good healthy quarrel can begin in such a way, and the man determines never again to make an appointment.

As a general rule no man makes an appointment with his wife in town unless it is to oblige and please her—to go to some place of amusement or shopping. And if a man goes shopping in a sour temper the devil is likely to get a new lodger.

SOME USEFUL BOOKS FOR THE HOME

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